

EDITORIAL PAGE

Spring And The Bomb

Spring tentatively approached the campus Wednesday after a late snow had dimmed spirits of vacation-bound students.

bored minds and tired bodies. The most jaded and cynical persons feel a lift of spirit that is at once familiar and strange.

The delightful aspects of spring are easy to point toward. After being coupled up inside classrooms with sickly yellow walls for months, students and professors alike jump at any chance to be out of doors.

The beautiful and the terrible in nature are closely allied. The same feeling of smallness, of aloneness, of insignificance that looking at the stars on a warm spring night produces is felt when looking at the cloud formation of an exploded hydrogen bomb.

No Tears

The Class Officers have officially been voted out of existence by the Student Council.

Spring and the bomb. We must think about them together. We must combine the ever-new and rising hope of spring with the awesome realization of the bomb—and from the two produce sanity and order.—S.H.

In a meeting held Wednesday afternoon, the long battle between the Officers and the Council judicial committee came to a close; with the Officers officially removed for at least a one year period.

Spring vacation will officially begin at noon, April 10, and extend through the 18th. Therefore, 99 per cent of the student body will leave for home after (and in some cases before) their Friday classes.

Extra Half Day?

The action Wednesday was not a surprise to anyone who followed the controversy, nor was it the end of a worthwhile tradition on the University campus, except there will be no election—which made the All University Party nominees the official officers.

Students can spend the whole week prior to Easter Sunday at home, but they must return to Lincoln that day. Therefore, those who live in the western or northern parts of the state or out of state are forced to start back to school early Sunday.

The reason the Class Officer group was ended was quite simple. A crack-down on campus activities by the Student Council, aimed at cutting off the deadwood in campus organizations pointed up the fact the Class Officers have done very little for a long time.

If this is spring vacation timed so that it comes at Easter time, why not give students an opportunity to spend Easter at home? Students at Colorado Women's College are allowed an extra half day for both going home and coming back to school.

Several of the class officers this year did their best to set up a new constitution which would allow for the organization of Class Councils, with the officers as leaders.

According to Frank M. Hallgren, associate dean of student affairs, the reason the University has planned spring vacation to begin Saturday noon and extend through Sunday is because it balances out the number of classes missed. In addition, they feel that students would rather have that extra day and a half from Saturday noon until Monday than just a week from Monday noon to Monday noon.

Thus, the Class Officers, without anything to do, became deadwood and were officially cut off the activity tree at the University.

However, if University officials gave students an extra half day of vacation, the majority of them could spend Easter at home. Thus the purpose of delaying spring vacation until Easter could be realized. Otherwise, why not have vacation earlier as most other schools do?—G.H.

The end of the Officers ends a tradition true enough. However, the quality of this tradition is questionable if the officers were allowed to function as they have been. In this respect the Student Council did the right thing by putting an end to a do-nothing organization.

These guests attracted national attention, for one of the world's foremost ornithologists, Dr. Lawrence Walkinshaw, a dentist from Battle Creek, Mich., and Alfred Eisenstaedt, photographer from Life Magazine, spent the week cramped in duck blinds along the North Platte River just to see them.

The Class Council idea has merits and if those merits can be incorporated into a constitution with Class Officers included in the scheme of things, the Council and Officers should be revived.

The guests—Sand Hill cranes. The reason: according to Dr. Walkinshaw, the area contains probably the greatest concentration of the birds in the world at this time.—D.F.

But at this point, the tradition passes, with no tears from anyone.—T.W.

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Most of these techniques were developed in the United States, but security regulations, established by Congress, require that all such information be classified, and details are known to only a few American scientists.

Finally, the building was slated for a face-lifting. First thing the carpenters discovered was that the thermostats were marked in reverse—cold instead of hot, and vice versa.

Surely a country such as Great Britain is wise enough to know what information is and is not essential to keep from the public and outsiders, or in this instance Britain has forgotten the importance of keeping secret certain atomic knowledge.

This business of taxation and deductions and interest and folderol is a big headache to everyone—even machines.

A move to reevaluate the classifications of government information, which has received President Eisenhower's approval, has met with some success. Information is now placed in one of three categories: confidential, secret and top secret.

County employee's paychecks in Cincinnati, for instance, became so overloaded with deductions that the payroll machines couldn't handle them.

Perhaps this reevaluation should be applied to certain information concerning atomic energy.—J.C.

The wrong solution was found, however. The county simply got new machines.

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



On The Light Side At Loose Ends

By JOYCE JOHNSON

The pink rag issue yesterday did my heart good. The color of the paper was more than appropriate. I imagine there were more than one who blushed a glorious pink after digesting its off color columns.

However I would like to make a correction. It was printed that I am to speak to all closet girls on "How to Get a Man." My subject instead should have read "It's Bigger Than Any Of Us!!!"

It's a good thing for me that there's some April Fool in every day... Either that or my column would be read weekly by anthropologists as the missing link between the period of homo and sapiens.

Speaking of missing links, with the help of Student Council, sorority sisters and Bob Peterson's slide rule I managed to get my college scrapbook off the shelf to discover what I had been doing with myself these four years of college. Believe me I found everything from the label off my first Hadaool bottle to my latest church key. I even found my date of last weekend whom I forgot to turn in after "Late Date" night.

While thumbing my pictorial diary I came upon a copy of the "Daily Ashcan," the 1951 Nebraskan's April Fool issue and was amused to find that the people and places it chose to jest or joke at are still being jested and joked at.

Whatever would our campus humorists do without such subject material as Student Council, Innocents and Mortar Boards,

anne decides to ride with Van. He should have known that women are bad luck to a rip-roarin' son of a gun out of the ole West (or South, in this case).

The bad luck comes when a Pinkerton detective and the Yankee cavalry find out that Johnson isn't what he is pretending to be—that he is actually a Captain in the Georgia Volunteers, sent up North to steal a Gatling Gun and smuggle it down South to the Johnny Rebs.

The Gatling Gun is a strange new weapon, fires over 250 rounds per minute, will revolutionize warfare. It could win the war for the South.

If Van could get it there. He has no trouble stealing the gun off a train. It is then hidden in the piano used to accompany "Tapioca"

and "Doc Sutherland" and "Mr Faraday" start on their long trek south. Along the way, stranded in the middle of a river, they find Joanne Dru playing nurse to an Indian mother-to-be.

Joanne and Van make eyes at each other and find out they are headed the same way. So Jo-

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The Student Forum

Del-za-poppin'

By DEL HARING

Well, All Sports Day is over. The Oscars have been awarded and we have a new athletic director—quite an eventful two weeks.

phenomenal success. After spending half of one of these columns last fall raving about Audrey Hepburn I was delighted to see her get an Academy Award for her "Roman Holiday" performance. To top it off, in addition Sunday she was awarded a "Tony." (Broadway equivalent to an Oscar) for her performance in "Ondine," which is only her second Broadway play. Quite an actress.

The appointment of Bill Orwig as athletic director appears a wise one. Although he has had no previous experience as an athletic director, his sports background and coaching record are excellent.

And after seeing "From Here To Eternity" for the second time I still think Montgomery Clift shouldn't have been passed up for an Oscar.

But I must say, he won't need experience except as an errand boy unless the cumbersome Athletic Board, which serves no good purpose and does little but tie the athletic director's hands, is abolished. The favorite rumor seems to be that the Board will soon abolish itself.

Entertainment prospects for this weekend look rather poor. No above-average movies scheduled, and LHS "Joy Night" is sold out. But there's always Passion Pit, appropriately located on the "miracle mile."

But I think the significant thing in the hiring of Orwig is his salary—\$12,600 a year. Note that it is \$600 a year MORE than the head football coach receives. This, let us hope, is a sign that FINALLY the athletic director will really run athletics at the University—and have control of athletic scholarships as well. If these things happen it will be a pleasant change from past practices.

Here there's never a dull moment around the Girl's Dorm lately: First, a housemother bestowed the power to "campus" on each and every girl—fortunately no one got drunk with power. Result: the girls numbered their rooms a la prison and put a "Warden" sign on the housemother's door.

See where the Omaha paper is somewhat less than overjoyed at Orwig's appointment. It's not too surprising as it is noted for its PRO-Glassford sentiments and probably realizes the appointment of Orwig lessens Glassford's athletic powers. Hoo bad.

Seems some of the housemothers have been known to rudely break up osculating couples on the front steps and jerk the surprised girl inside "to safety." But the latest episode deals with the housemother who, doubtlessly on her evening walk, went BEHIND the Dorm and surprised two couples by opening their car door.

On a more pleasant athletic subject, congratulations are in order for Max Kitzelman, who placed third in the recent NCAA Wrestling Championships. In his first year of varsity wrestling Max had

Reason given: "Oh, I thought there just were two boys here and I was afraid they might have been overcome by motor fumes." P. S. The motor wasn't running.

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Two On The Aisle HardRiding Van Johnson Lead In Formula Western

By DICK RALSTON

Panoramic Productions present Van Johnson, Joanne Dru in "The Siege at Red River"

Across the painted desert of the old West rides Van Johnson and his cohort selling Doc Sutherland's cure-all, singing "Tapioca."

But Johnson isn't what he is pretending to be—actually he is a Captain in the Georgia Volunteers, sent up North to steal a Gatling Gun and smuggle it down South to the Johnny Rebs.

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